A POEM,

SACRED TO THE

MEMORY

OF THE LATE

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, *Bart.*

By *RICHARD ROLT*,

AUTHOR of CAMBRIA.

Juſtitiæ cultor, rigidi ſervator honeſti,
In commune bonus: nulloſque catonis in actus
Subrepſit, partemque tulit ſibi nata voluptas.

LUCAN LIB. II.

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Luſtrabunt convexa, polus dum ſidera paſcet:
Semper honos, nomenq; tuum, laudeſqu; manebunt.

VIRG. ÆN. I.

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POEM.

MEMORY.

2 47. 13

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE HONOURABLE

LADY WYNNE,

THIS

POEM,

Is moſt reſpectfully inſcrib'd,

BY

HER LADYSHIP'S,

Moſt Obedient Humble Servant,

R. ROLT.

TO THE HONOURABLE

LADY WYNNE,

THIS

POEM,

Is most respectfully inscribed,

BY

Her LADYSHIP's

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

R. ROLT.

[redacted]

P O E M,

SACRED to the MEMORY of the LATE

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, *Bart.*

WHEN the bright flame, that fires the patriot heart,
Expir'd in Campbell; Caledonia mourn'd
Her nobleſt, braveſt, wiſeſt ſon; the ſoul
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and truth.
Nor hers the loſs alone, all Britain ſhar'd
The ſolemn grief, and nations felt the blow.
Thou, Cambria! drooping in the wane of time,
But ſeldom haſt produc'd a noble mind,

Inſpir'd with all the graceful worth, elate
With all the glories of the Britiſh race:
A race that check'd victorious Cæſar, aw'd
Imperial Rome, and forc'd mankind to own
Superior virtues Britons only knew,
Or only practis'd; for they nobly dar'd
To face oppreſſion; and where freedom finds
Her aid invok'd, there will the goddeſs fly.

Britannia, ſay, amid the god-like line
Of all thy ſons, whoſe lives illuſtrious ſpread
Thy glory, like a conſtellation, round
The nations, ſay, through all the depth of time,
Did e'er perfection ſeal the ſtamp of man,
With greater luſtre, than what nature gave,
To honour'd, lov'd, rever'd, lamented WYNNE!
No; not the venerable names of Greece,
Or Rome, tranſmits us, more deſerv'd applauſe.

Oh ſacred ſhade! while heav'n indulg'd our hope,
To ſee thy life prolong'd, above the date

Preſcrib'd

Preſcrib'd to frail mortality, thy heart
Contemn'd the ſordid eulogizing muſe;
Nor ſuch diſturbs thy aſhes; but the tear,
Unfeign'd, flows faſter, to lament thy fate,
Than rhymes ſpontaneous from the venal pen
Of adulation: far the worthier taſk,
To ſpread the cypreſs round the hallow'd tomb
Of virtuous men; than twine the laureate wreath,
To grace the brow of vanity and pride.
Like Philomela, I, whoſe wounded breaſt
Feels the ſharp-ent'ring thorn, with plaintive ſong,
Pour out my grief, amid the ſylvan gloom.

Sprung from a worthy line, his blooming years
Promis'd new honours; nor in vain indulg'd
The fond paternal wiſh, to ſee him riſe
The lover, and the lov'd, of men; to ſee
Him tow'r ſublimely in the bright purſuit
Of honour; like an eaglet, ſoaring full
At virtue's mirrour. Oh! the boundleſs joy,

The ſtrong parental bliſs! when, thus, the ſire
Forms each refin'd, each great exalted thought,
Concent'ring in a ſon, to bleſs mankind.

See WYNNE, with unabated ſtep, attain
Oxonia's praiſe; the cheriſh'd muſes, there
His mind relumin'd, with the ſacred lore
Of claſſic treaſure: whence the manly flow
Of Attic eloquence, the Roman flame,
Imbib'd, ſhot thro' his ſoul; luxuriant ſpread;
And flouriſh'd, branching out in all the prime
Of blooming nature, delicately fair.
For him, immortal Plato wrote; each ſage,
For youth like his commenc'd their ſtudious toil:
Here, Plutarch, marks the venerable train
Of ancient patriots, and illuſtrious chiefs;
Whence virtuous emulation, nobly fires
The glowing heart, to trace their glorious ſteps,
Tranſplanting all their honours, all their fame:
Nor uſeleſs the Pierian ſong, to raiſe

Deſert;

Deſert; hark! the ſweet ſtrain of Maro, how
It charms the raviſh'd ear: hark! Horace ſweeps
The lyric chord, and harmony pours out
Unnumber'd graces; elegance and wit,
Combining here, improve the latent ſparks
Of baſhful merit: while the flowing ſenſe,
Demoſthenes or Tully copious ſtream,
On the tranſported ſoul, with all the force
Of dignity and eaſe, ambitious wakes
Each youth to grace the roſtrum, or to ſhine
In ſenates; for their own, their country's fame.

Now bounteous nature, in the gayer veſt
Of art array'd, conſpicuous plac'd the youth,
Bright as the morning ſtar. When Brunſwic left
The banks of Leina, and the Thames receiv'd
Her German monarch, lo! the public caſts
Her eye on WYNNE; no youth more worthy deems,
To grace the Britiſh ſenate; where, amid
The great aſſembly, early, he diſplays

The

The force of elocution, with a grace
That ev'n from Walpole could extort applauſe,
Could even pleaſe, that ſtateſman, whom his voice
Oppos'd; who, trembling, heard the wiſe debate
So artfully maintain'd; trembled to hear
The youthful ſage, ſo diligently trace
The maze of politics; and, with the rays
Of truth, elucidating ev'ry ſcheme,
Darkly pernicious to the Britiſh worth.

Friend to thy country, liberty, and truth!
How often has thy gen'rous ſpirit ſigh'd,
To ſee this nurſe of heroes, this bleſt iſle
Of ſacred freedom, ſhamefully diſgrac'd
By miniſterial wiles! yet truly juſt
To the great darling purpoſe of thy ſoul,
The love of fair integrity, the ſtrict
Adherence to thy country's truſt, how oft
Haſt thou diſarm'd oppreſſion? From the hand
Of pow'r rapacious, often haſt thou ſnatch'd

The

The lifted poniard, often turn'd aſide
The poiſon'd dart, aim'd for a deeper wound
In poor Britannia's bleeding boſom! Ah,
Long had ſhe groan'd, inſulted and deſpis'd;
Her potent fleet, the curb of tyrants, now
No more regarded; in their brazen wombs
Her awful thunders ſlept, inglorious ſlept;
While proud Iberia, unchaſtis'd, aſſum'd
Dominion o'er the wide Columbian main.
Genius of Britain! where was then the pride,
The glorious pride, the ſpirit of our ſires!
That fondly have devoted fortune, eaſe,
And ev'ry life-endearing charm, to chear
Their drooping country, to ſupport her fame,
And glorioufly exalt the virgin queen
Supreme around the nations? Envy hears!
Corruption ſhudders at the name of WYNNE!
Yes he, and Stanhope, form'd the bold attempt;
Oppreſſion ſunk, the Python lay diſgorg'd;
Britannia, ſmiling, took her martial port,

And ſent her valiant legions to the field:
All Gallia trembled, and Iberia ſhook.

Ye noble band of patriots, ye who ſtill
Preſerv'd integrity, nor baſely roſe
On Walpole's ruins; ſay, amid the ring
Of your illuſtrious train, what hand, what heart,
Exceeded WYNNE, ambitious to expel
The vermin of the ſtate? Like him, how few,
Tenacious of their boaſted honour, ſcorn'd
The venal penſion, and the ſpurious blaze
Of borrow'd titles? O'er the faithleſs heart
The radiant ſtar is dim, a tinſel ray,
To pleaſe the vain: the ſimple name of WYNNE,
Aſpires with brighter luſtre to the ſkies,
Thus nobly fair, and uniformly great.

Heav'n, ſtill indulgent to his high deſert,
Wide as his bounteous wiſhes, gave him power
To bleſs mankind. His was the affluent ſtore

Of

Of wealth; and, though magnificently ſpent,
Not idly ſquander'd in the glare of pomp,
Of luxury and riot. Hear ye vain,
Ye oſtentatious tribe! how WYNNE beſtow'd
The gifts of heav'n: as a fond father eyes
His ſmiling offspring, and induſtrious ſtrives
To ſhow'r down bleſſings on their infant heads;
So WYNNE, a parent to the humbler race
Of mortals, moſt beneficently kind,
Reliev'd the widow, and the orphan bleſt,
Chear'd the diſtreſs'd, taught languor how to ſmile,
And ſhow'd the world, in this degen'rate age,
That charity knew where to fix her ſeat,
Within the boſom of a gen'rous man.

Oh, how reverſe to theſe laſcivious days,
Were all his manners! Titus never ſigh'd
More nobly to accompliſh good; the end
Of opulence, the vaſt extent of pow'r,
Why what avail patrician treaſures, gold

Unnumber'd, and illimitable lands;
If the poſſeſſor, with perverted mind,
Abuſes all the gifts of fortune? far
More happy he, than Cræſus, who, content
With poverty, can ſpare the gen'rous wiſh
To bleſs his neighbour; feels the ſocial tie,
That links the chain of being; nor repines
At all the vain oſtenſive pomp of ſtate.
Monarchs and hinds, the ſceptre and the ſpade,
Share equal happineſs; and that conſiſts,
Alone, in virtuous, calm, reſign'd, content.

Behold Lucullus, ſtutt'ring in the glare
Of grandeur; and, with Epicurian art,
Rifling all nature, draining all his ſtore,
To furniſh one voluptuous meal: vain fool!
The bee, more curious, from her dulcet food,
Extracts a nobler feaſt; and yields to man,
The wants, thy pride, or luxury, denies.
See the wild Macedonian, in his guſt

Of martial frenzy, ſpreading all the waſte,
The horrors, and the crimes, of lawleſs war:
Why deem'd magnanimous? while Porus falls
The greater hero; and while Numa reigns
In placid innocence. The Cenſor till'd
His Sabine field, and Cincinnatus held
The delving plough: theſe were the prime of Rome;
And, when their country ſummon'd, knew to wield
The ſword; or, in the purple flow of ſtate,
To ſhine majeſtic: and, had Britain call'd,
WYNNE had not trod inferior in the paths
Of trueſt honour, or of patrial love.
Virtue is not inherent, noble ſires
Have found ignoble heirs, whoſe grov'ling ſouls
Oft ſully all the honours of their line.
Thou, ſordid wretch! Apicius! ſee, how WYNNE
Acquir'd eſteem! he knew the end of wealth,
Nor treaſur'd the accumulated ore,
To feaſt the eye of avarice; but bade
It flow, free as the vital breeze of heav'n,

Free as the vernal dews. Yon holy fane
His bounty rear'd, where the loud ſolemn bell
Aſſembles all the rural train, to pay
Their long neglected reverence to heav'n:
Whoſe care confin'd the rapid torrent? who,
Like Appius, ſtretch'd the public road? who drain'd
The deep moraſs? and cloth'd the naked hill
With pendent woods? who taught the barren heath
To ſmile? 'Twas WYNNE! he bade the ſcanty tide
To flow more nobly; to Devana brought
The freight of commerce, an imperial work!

See Hoſpitality, with penſive head,
Reclines unheeded: ah! the friendly gate
Is barr'd through Britain's iſle: where ſhall ſhe find
The bounteous board; the ever-ſpringing joys,
The flow of mirth? her patron is no more,
In WYNNE expir'd each hoſpitable rite.

Vain were the wiſh, in vain the heart-ſprung tear,
That would recall ſuch virtue from the tomb;
Virtue matur'd for heav'n, and only lent
To ſhew what goodneſs may reſide in man.
But buſy memory will ſtill preſent
His ſacred image, only to convince,
And mortify the world, when ev'ry tongue
Shall ſay, "That world can ne'er contain his peer."
Celeſtial ſhade! thy worth will ſtill recur
On reaſon, while ſhe holds her ſeat: methinks
I ſee him, rouſing with the bluſh of morn;
Surrounded by his friends, and for the chace
Prepar'd: cloſe the ſad ſcene! Ye tuneful horns
Reſound no more your ſoul-enliv'ning notes;
Ye Dryads, now, no more the chearful ſtrains
Shall ſhake your groves: forth from their ſilver floods
No more the Naïds ſhall exalt their heads,
Attentive to the ſweet harmonious tone:
Nor ſhall the rapid ſteed, ambitious ſtretch

To reach the goal; for WYNNE, the happy lord
Of rural pleasures, WYNNE, is now no more!
Mortality learn hence, how frail thy joys,
How ineffectual every treasur'd hope!
What the blind world, fallacious, deems the source
Of happiness, in one redundant store
Had heav'n on WYNNE conferr'd: one only bliss
Was wanting; years had roll'd away, nor crown'd
His nuptial wishes with a blooming heir.
Fate summon'd first the partner of his joys,
The brightest pattern of excelling worth
That ever reign'd in woman; to her lord
Still fondly kind, she, in the mortal hour,
Disclos'd an unexampled scene of love,
Bequeath'd him her approv'd, her dearest friend,
A friend most worthy to divide his heart.
On this connubial hour, auspicious heav'n
Bestow'd the filial blessing; raptures, such
As angels only feel, fill'd the glad breast

Of

Of the tranſported fire; who fondly hop'd
To ſee the lovely babe, riſe like a ſtar
To chear the Cambrian wilds: alas, but e'en
The lunar queen revolv'd through half the year,
Theſe hopes were clos'd in death! the mother ſees
An infant orphan, finds a widow'd bed!

Thou ſoul of Cambria! oh! the doleful ſcene,
The conſternation, thy ſad fate affords.
The banks of Vaga eccho with the plaint;
Sabrina, from her copious urn, pours forth
A fuller ſtream, in all the pomp of grief:
And Deva backward rolls her ling'ring flood,
Diſmay'd at this diſaſtrous tale: around
The Cambrian bounds, where Uſke directs her courſe,
To where Octopitarum foams the tide;
Thence far as Deva takes her winding courſe,
One ſolemn ſilence reigns: the terror leſs,
When bloody Canute, with his ſavage Danes,
Hurl'd deſolation on their ſires retreats:

For

For Cambria, in Llewelyn, ſaw her laſt
Of princely race expire; yet proud of WYNNE,
She paid him voluntary honours, ſuch
As monarchs ſeldom ſhare, honours deny'd
The royal Norman. Now the mantling glaſs
Of ſmiling mead, no more flows jovial round
The peaſant's board, invoking WATKIN's health:
The ſilent village, and the rural throng
All-penſive, ſhew the depth of woe ſincere.
Who now promotes their pleaſures, who ſhall now
Support their feſtive mirth? The vernal gales
In vain ſhall blow, in vain ſhall Zephyr breathe
Along the verdent mead, and deck the lap
Of nature with the ſweets of flow'ry May.
Ye fragrant hawthorns, cowſlips, lillies, fade;
Ye pinks, ye roſes, wither; not a hand
Shall crop your beauties, not a virgin weaves
The garland wreathe; their WATKIN is no more!

Salopia, ſee thy ſumptuous pile, beneath
Whoſe feet Sabrina rolls her lucid wave,
Where late came ſmiling Charity, dropt like
The pureſt beam from heav'n; there pale diſeaſe
Forgets to groan, and poverty to pine;
A palace, not a lazar. Oh! ye poor,
What comforts have you loſt, now WYNNE is gone?
A father, patron, benefactor, friend.

Who counts his virtues, might as well aſcend
The glancing ſun-beam, to the ſolar ſphere,
And number out the myriad orbs of light.
Who'd trace an emblem of his worth? Behold
Yon tall umbrageous oak, the ſpacious pride
Of all the foreſt; its extenſive ſhade,
Yields refuge to the warblers of the wood,
Shelters the tim'rous herd, from ſtormy blaſts,
And bleak tempeſtuous ſhow'rs: yon river, ſee,
Whoſe pure capacious ſtream prolific laves

The bord'ring meadows; paſture ever freſh
Springs where it rolls; the lowing heifers ſtray
Delighted through the verdant ſcene, and crop
Luxuriant food: yet ſhall corroding time
Exhauſt the flowing urn, and, to its ſource,
Dry up the ſtream: nor ſhall the long-liv'd oak
Eſcape; its hoſpitable honours all
Shall periſh, and the fibrous root decay.
Then ſhall the ſilvan ſongſters pour no more
Their modulated airs, their tuneful throats
Be mute; then ſhall the lambkins ceaſe their ſports;
The fields be ſilent, as the ſhepherds pipes
No longer breath'd, but, on the flow'ry turf,
Thrown heedleſs, now their honour'd Pan is dead.

Speak ye, companions of his ſocial hours,
The loſs that friendſhip bears! A nobler ſoul
Ne'er pledg'd her amity with man; ſincere,
Indulgent, tow'ring o'er the narrow claim

Of

Of vulgar minds: the friend he once approv'd
Shar'd half his heart: the worthy train, alone,
Partook his nobler hours; when mental joy,
Attended on the gen'rous bowl: from whence
Rude diſſonance was baniſh'd, riot fear'd:
Illuſtrious Beaufort, noble Barry, there,
With chearful converſe, pour'd the force of wit,
Attemper'd with the ſtate of reaſon; truth
Sprung from the heart: and ev'ry paſſing hour,
New tribute ſhed, while genial pleaſures reign'd,
By innocence and virtue unreprov'd.

If ſuch the public loſs, if ſuch the grief
His friends muſt ſhare; why, what muſt ſhe endure,
She, the late partner of his ſofter hour?
The wife, the widow, and the mother, all
In one ſhort year? Oh, agony of love!
Exquiſite miſery! ſublime diſtreſs!

But let not memory, too poignant, ruſh
Upon her heart; nor count thoſe virtues o'er,
That, like the wonders of Arabia's bird,
Can never be renew'd, but in the bed
Of death.. Grant, gracious heav'n! his tender babe,
Like the young Phænix from the flame, may riſe,
And ſtill preſerve the luſtre of his ſire.

Ye ſacred Genii, who delight to watch
The ſteps of mortals, and to rear the growth
Of blooming virtue; hither bend your flight,
And hover round the ſmiling infant, yet
Unconſcious of his loſs: or if to thee,
Oh happy ſpirit! if to thee, oh WYNNE!
'Tis given to reviſit earth, come, ſhed
Thy influencing graces on his ſoul:
Thou, guide celeſtial! the protecting hand
Wilt lend; form his young paſſions, like the vine

Well-prun'd, to yield the rich nectarean ſtore.
But if! ---- oh! pardon the preſumptuous ſtrain:
Enough for us to know, much-honour'd ſhade!
That heav'n has deck'd thee in the pureſt robe
Of light etherial: 'tis enough, to know,
The pow'r ſupreme, with other eye, than we
Blind mortals! ſees the end of being, guides
The dart of fate, and beſt diſpoſes All.

Let eaſtern monarchs proud mauſoleums pile,
Fond to perpetuate an idle reign:
Equeſtrian ſtatues, and the lawrell'd brow
Of Cæſar's icon, let the flatter'd prince
Ignobly raiſe: thy mem'ry, WYNNE, requires
No glitt'ring trophies, to record thy praiſe:
Virtue will triumph o'er the grave; nor death
Can fully honour: and, when honeſt time
Roots out the falſe inſcription, from the baſe

Of monumental vanity, thy fame
Tradition more ſecurely ſhall convey,
To diſtant ages; while the curious ſage,
With Galilean tube, as he deſcries
The hoſt of heav'n, ſome new diſcover'd ſtar
Shall firſt obſerve, and honour with thy name.

F I N I S.

Lately publiſh'd by the ſame AUTHOR,

(Price 2s.)

Beautifully printed in QUARTO,

CAMBRIA.

A

POEM,

IN

THREE BOOKS:

ILLUSTRATED WITH

Hiſtorical Critical & Explanatory NOTES.

Heliconidaſque pallidam que Pyrenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ ſequaces, Ipſe ſemipaganus
Ad ſacra Vatum carmen Affero noſtrum. PERSIUS.

*** This POEM is wrote with a deſign, to give the public a repreſentation of the Antient Britons, and the moſt remarkable curioſities both antient and modern, throughout the principality of Wales. The ſubject may ſeem to afford but little room for the animating part of poetry, but the AUTHOR has thrown his deſign together in ſuch a manner as to receive the embelliſhments of verſe; and, by his laborious and well-collected notes, has ſo greatly aſſiſted the poetical compoſition, as to furniſh the moſt hiſtorical and conciſe account of Wales, and the manners, polity and language of its former and preſent inhabitants, than has hitherto been publiſhed. Neither can it be alledged, that the utility of this work is too trivial to attract the attention of the public, for poſſibly a great number of the Britiſh ſubjects, may be hereby invited to gather a little information of ſo material a tract of their native iſland as is the principality of Wales, of which the general part of the kingdom ſeem as entirely ignorant as they are of the late Ruſſian diſcoveries in the Tartarian ſea.

This Day is published,

The FIRST and SECOND VOLUMES

(Dedicated to the Hon. EDWARD VERNON, Esq;) of

AN

Impartial Repreſentation

OF THE

CONDUCT

of the SEVERAL

POWERS of EUROPE,

Engaged in the LATE

GENERAL WAR:

Including authentic ACCOUNTS of all the

MILITARY and NAVAL OPERATIONS;

FROM THE

Commencement of Hoſtilities between the Crowns of GREAT BRITAIN and SPAIN, in 1739.

TO THE

Concluſion of the GENERAL TREATY of PACIFICATION at AIX LA CHAPELLE, 1748.

By *RICHARD ROLT.*

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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Note, *The Third Volume is in the Preſs, and will be publiſhed with all poſſible Expedition.*